

A
 Friendly Dialogue
 BETWEEN TWO
 London-Apprentices ;

The One a
WHIGG,
 The Other a
TORY.

Concerning the late ADDRESS to my Lord MAYOR.
 To which is added a LETTER that was sent (by an
 unknown hand) to the *Principal Managers* of it.

WHIGG.
Fortunately met, Sir ! I remember formerly amongst all the *privileges*
of nature there was none sweeter to me than the fruition of your
Society ; come *Country-man*, shall we go and divert our selves for
 an hour in yonder *green Arbor* ?

Tory. Done ! for your company will afford me more pleasure
 than a pleasant spring can give.

Whigg. Then, Sir, let us hasten thither, for the *day* will steal away insen-
 sibly in the *sweet entertainment* your good company will afford me ; here
 time is not felt, nor hours *numbered* ; and we being both *Apprentices*, the
winged moments should be so *husbanded* by us, that one be not lost.

Tory. Then without any further loss of *precious time*, which *glides away*
 with *undiscover'd haste*, Pretence *Country-man* tell me how your late *Address*
 goes on ?

Whigg. Sir, I'll freely do it. But stay ! stay ! hearken ! methinks I hear
 some body speaking by *piece-meals* behind this *Arbor*, as if the *Tempest* of
passion disorderly *blow'd out his words* ; who is it ? another *Tory* ! Therefore
 let's not proceed to discourse any further, till we can be sure we are free
 from all mens *superintendency*, and the bold intrusion of any mans eye.

Tory. No, no, 'tis no *Tory*, you may proceed, 'tis Mr. *Joshua Evans* (your truest Champion), reporting to the principal Managers of your Address, that *Hodge, Thompson, and Benskins's* Mother, was certainty delivered of them backwards, their reflections upon it being so stinking, and nasty, and full of untruths.

Whigg. Sir, Then correspondent to your desire, I'll proceed to give you an impartial account, how our late Address hath been receiv'd in the World.

Tory. Sir, I will lend a willing attention, and could wish every Sense of mine, an Ear to hear you.

Whigg. Sir, I begin then—Our truly Loyal Address was most bravely receiv'd indeed, almost transcending the power of a strong belief; for within about three days time after 'twas Printed, there was above Ten thousand truly Loyal Apprentices of London had Signed it, notwithstanding those three Monopolizers of Lyes, Benskins, Thompson and Hodge, had misrepresented this Modest Address to the whole World, designing to obstruct it, though they will be sooner able to put the Universe in their Poke, than to get any Loyal and honest heart to believe them, in their scurrilous reflections; For who doth regard them, but those that are heav'd off from the Hindg of Right-reason, and have given their Understanding and Senses, a Lease of Ejection.

Tory. Oh Noble Pack of industrious striplings indeed (if your Tongue hath spoke truth)! But we'll anticipate the progress of this affair, if we can; and were it it not for the sweet thoughts of nipping your Address in the Bud, before it be blossomed into maturity (or presenting), our hearts would be wholly dejected, to think that the whole World will visibly see that the far greater part of the Apprentices of London, dare not but dread the taking upon them the aspersing of Parliaments. Ah Whigg! Millions of thoughts and cares therefore are hourly buzzing in our zealous and envious mind, to prevent you. And our Club, that meet every night at the Crown-Tavern in Ivy Lane, are resolved to tare all the Addressees they can meet with throughout the whole City of London.

Whigg. Pray, Sir, what number of Hands have they already sacrificed to their malice and envy?

Tory. Fifteen hundred, and upwards.

Whigg. What then, is the taring our Papers, and the expectation your hopes are fed with, to stifle our Address, all the Pullies they have left to draw up their Spirits?

Tory. Ay: and a golden Cordial 'tis.

Whigg. I hear Capt. Tom, Capt. Rump, are of their Club; I pray, Sir, are you (for you are as good a Tory-Rory as the best)? Which if you are, I must needs say, if want of brains be a sign of long life, your Tory-Club certainly must be the men that must write Mankinds Epitaph, to admit such Members as those.

Tory. Whether we are, or are not, I must not divulge; for being obliged to secrecy, the Arcana Naturæ cannot have a greater gift of silence than I; but I will make bold now to ask you a question, or Two.

First. Whether or no you know not the Barber that was to have a Pot of Ale, for every 20. Hands he got to our late Address to his Majesty, for which purpose he travelled the whole space that interveneth between two Suns, from house to house; which having done, he sits him down to enumerate his Subscribers, and finding the Total but Seven, he considers, his labour in two days would not pay for one supper at night, and therefore by the help of his pregnant fancy, and more tempting invention, he writes in his Paper Threescore Names, and carried it into the Club, and had Three Pots of Ale for his pains: A noble stipend, was it not Whigg, for two days labour and pains?

My

My other *Question* is this, whether or no you are not acquainted with the *Printers Boy* that had 2 d. a dozen for as many Names as ever he could possibly produce, and he produced abundance, and is now ready to attest that the greater part of them were Names of his own *invention*. But pray *Country-man* lock these things as a secret within your own breast, for fear of publick reflections.

Whigg. Sir, there's no need of *secrecy* here, for (were there, my tongue should be close Prisoner to my heart) alas this deceitful manner of proceeding of yours was publickly known; and likewise 'twas as openly known, that to augment the number of your *Subscribers*, you got all the *Journey-men*, *Carmen*, *Porters*, *Tapsters*, you could procure in Town, with many others of a far more inferior degree: *Quæ nunc prescribere longum est.*

Tory. This *Stratagem* we took, as very well knowing that all persons of such an inferior rank and profession, would easily be bribed to set there hands to that which their judgments approved not of.

Whigg. Well then, with all your *sights* and *stratagems*, how many real *Subscribers* had you, with *Apprentices*, *Journey men*, &c. and others, when your *Address* was presented? Come, Sir, tell me, and be ingenuous for once, and let your tongue and conscience keep the same tune.

Tory. I heard one of the *Stewards* of our *Feast* say, the number we had was but four thousand at most, (which man I could name, *Whigg*, only 'tis not good to be quoting of *Authors*), but I have heard others say (who dread an untruth) there was but five thousand.

Whigg. And I pray, Sir, is it true (as is reported) that the grand *promoters* and *presenters* of this *Address* were not *Apprentices*, but persons that live idly out of a *Calling*, that feed on sloth, as *Beetles* in the dung they breed in, not caring how the metal of their mind is eaten with the rust of idleness?

Tory. That's an undoubted verity (and no *Chimera* of a restless brain, as some of our *Tories* assert) for some of them to me did declare, That the world could not go worse with them than it did, let it go how it will.

Whigg. Sir, then I perceive your under-hand proceedings you cannot deny; but *Tory*, I'll tell you, they have writ such a deformity upon the fairest brow of that undertaking, that *Hodg*, *Thompson*, & *Benskins* can never wipe off.

Tory. What then! would you have me deny a plain truth? I cannot (I will not give my conscience the lye.) And I know as for *Hodge*, *Thompson* and *Benskins*, and all their *Abettors*, they may as soon kindle fire with snow, as prove me a liar in what I have said.

Whigg. I confess the truth is the truth, be it on which side it will, and at last Truths heart will shine through its breast.

Tory. I cannot deny what you assert; but I pray, Sir, remember that an ill Comment may marr a good Text, and a misinterpretation of our proceedings (if publickly known) may mar our good meaning. I would therefore injoin you to conceal all I have told you since we came into this *Arbor*.

Whigg. Sir, I shall not be unmindful of your desire, and do confess that the swiftest wing of recompence is too slow to overtake those civilities and favours that now I have received from you. But, Sir, now our Masters business calling us at home, we will now lovingly part, and so for the present adjourn our Discourse till fortune favour us with another fair opportunity. Only I pray resolve me in one particular before we go, which is, Whether or no he was not the man that first set afoot your *Address* to the King, that went down on his marrow-bones before Sir George Waterman, and there humbly asked Mrs. S — forgiveness?

Tory. Rem æu tetigisti. And so adieu.

A LETTER sent Aug. 19th, 1681, thus Superscribed,

To the truly Loyal, and Protestant Apprentices of London, that were the principal Managers of the late Address to my Lord Mayor.

G O on Heroick Souls, and faithful be
Unto your God, your King, your Liberry.
Let your unbyast actions give the Lye
To such as scandalize your Loyalty.
To *Cæsar* render what's to *Cæsar* due:
Earth merits, Heaven expects no more from you.
Those Rights defend, which your brave Sires sent down,
Inviolable as the Throne or Crown.
Tell supple Parasites, and treacherous Knaves,
You'r humble Subjects, not degenerate Slaves.
Bow low, but scorn to creep (for that's as well).
Nor for a Mess of Broth your Birth-rights sell.
Pass by th' affronts that Hell and *Rome* can send;
Comfort your selves, When 'tis at worst 'twill mend.
But when the Church is thook by potent foes,
For her defence your Bodies interpose.
Of Popish mercy never run the risque:
A Crowned Serpent grows a Basilisk.
Vindicate then the Gospel and the Laws;
The Cause is Heaven's, Heav'n will espouse the Cause.
Undauntedly prop up your Churches Walls,
And joy to fall beneath it, if it falls.
To perish thus, who would not be content,
When mouldring Temples are his *Monument*?

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